Gru. My M^r is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Petr. Will it not be?
Faith Sirrah, and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.

He rings him by the eare.

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortensio* come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, and & rap him soundly sir, Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at first then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
Petr. A senceless villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the raskall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra be gon, or talke not I aduise you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods a
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come ro
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauor'd wi
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my co
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich
And verie rich: but th'art too much my fr
And Ile not wish thee to her.
Petr. Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing danc
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at leas
Affections edge in me. Were she as roug
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Grue. Nay looke you sir, he tels you
Why giue him gold enough, and marr
Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a to
She haue as many diseases as two and fi
comes amisse, so monie comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thu
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and bea
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewo
Her only fault and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd and froward, so beyond all
That were my state farre worser then it is
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)